Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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THE WORD ON THE PANE.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

I WAS weary, I was troubled,
I was vexed with many cares;
Things had all gone wrong, I argued,
'Spite of wishes, hopes, or prayers.
E'en my children gave no comfort,
For my heart seemed turned to stone;
Of all who bowed 'neath burdens,
The saddest I alone.

So it seemed to me one morning,
As I gathered, one by one,
The duties all around me,
Toiling till the last seemed done.
And the afternoon was quiet,
When the children went to play,
And I sat me down a moment
To bewail the cares of day.

How I thought them each one over,
Dwelling on them drearily!
"Who, I wonder," moaned I sadly,
"Cares, or gives a thought to me,
Or e'en knows I'm heavy-hearted
As the toilsome days go by?"
And my tired soul made answer
Only with a tired sigh.

Then I rose, and to the nursery
Went to take up work again;
But, what word gleamed out before me,
Clearly on the window pane?
Just one word, and that was—"Jesus."
Well I knew from whence it came,
For how often Teddy's finger
Loved to print the sacred name,

As, upon the broad seat standing,
He would breathe upon the glass,
And spell as fancy prompted
The best of names! Alas!
And I had so forgotten,
Till my murmuring heart thus read
An answer to its questions!
I bowed with shame my head.

"Dear Lord," I prayed, "forgive me!
Jesus does my troubles know,
Jesus knows I'm heavy hearted,
Jesus knows my every woe!"
And my gloom like mist then vanished,
Sunshine filled my heart again,
And I blessed the baby finger
That spelled "Jesus" on the pane.

No insult offered to a man can ever degrade him; the only real degradation is when he degrades himself.—*Miss Mulock.*

AN APRIL JOKE.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"SAY, boys, let's have some April jokes. All-Fool's Day comes on Saturday. Can't we get up a little regular rip-roarious fun?"

"Hurrah for fun."

"Let's do it."

"But what shall it be?"

"Let's play a trick on Dick the Doleful."

"That'll do. We might steal a wheel from his old cart."

"Wouldn't that be a little too bad?"

"Not a bit. I'm tired to death of seeing him wheel the everlasting old thing about, looking all the while as if he was a piece of a funeral that had got lost out of the procession."

"I'll tell you what let's do. When he comes poking along that day, as he'll be sure to, we'll bother him. One or two of us at a time can tease him till he gets mad and leaves his cart to go after us. Then, when his back's turned, some one else can take something out of his cart and put a stone in its place under the old rag of a cover. We can keep it up till we've taken out every thing he happens to have and pile in stones till the cart's as heavy as lead."

"Hurrah! That'll be tip-top. Fancy him tugging up that hill through the mud with a cart-load of stones! Let's all be sure to be on hand that morning."

Phil Brand, who had proposed this fine scheme, in the course of the same evening told his mother about it. Not because he thought she would be particularly pleased, but because he had a way of telling her every thing. He felt glad when he saw her smile, for he had feared she might not think the plan quite so delightful as it had appeared to the boys.

"I like boys to have a good time," she said.

"You always do, mother. It'll be a capital joke on Dick, wont it?"

"I like boys to have a good time," she repeated, more slowly, laying her hand on Phil's head, "but I like them to have it without its being at the expense of annoyance or suffering to some one else, especially some one weaker or more unfortunate than themselves. I went up to see Dick's mother the other day."

"He has a mother then, has he? He don't look as if he had any thing like other boys."

"She is a hard-working widow with plenty of young mouths to fill and limbs to clothe. She was out, but there is a lame girl, a poor little thin-featured thing with a queer, sharp face, as old and grave as a woman's, who talked to me as if all the children belonged to herself. Now, Phil, I believe there is a much better way than yours of playing a trick on Dick."

"How, mother?"

They talked earnestly for some time, and then Phil sprang up with a shout,

"Mother, you're worth forty thousand boys! It's the best thing I ever heard of. I'll see all the other fellows, and we'll make it work, you may be sure."

Dick the Doleful would seem to have earned a full right to his dismal nick-name, if appearances went for any thing. The boys thought it smart to fasten it on him and to use it without stopping to think how much reason poor Dick might have

for looking doleful. The eldest son of his hard-pressed mother, he had faithfully shared her many burdens, but their weight had bent his back and cast a shadow over his heart, for as he passed up and down the street with his cart nearly every day, sometimes trundling along clothes to be washed, sometimes old clothes or broken food which had been given him, or with refuse with which to feed his pig, he was a doleful object indeed.

He was very anxious to go to school, although there the boys were unmerciful in their tricks upon him, and his dejection had lately increased by reason of his shabby clothing having excited sneering remarks, and he was beginning to feel that he no longer had courage to present himself among them. A pity it is that boys who are really kind at heart so often forget what misery may be caused by thoughtless ridicule of those less favored than themselves.

"It's hard the b'ys are on me," he said, shaking his head woefully, as he helped wrap up the parcels of clean clothes on Friday evening to be taken home the next morning. "It's mesilf 'll be shtayin' home from school now. Look at the ould coat!"

"Niver be moindin' that, Jewel. It's 'asy times we'll be seein' whin the childher is growed big an' ye don't have it all to do. An' it's the foine coat ye'll be havin' thin, an' go to school like a gintleman intirely!"

The hope of going to school when the younger children should be grown did not look specially cheering to poor Dick. But Biddy, from her bench in the warm corner, said, coaxingly:

"Bring me the coat, Dicky, darlint, an' see the patch I'll be puttin' on it. So fine it 'll be that folks 'll be takin' ye for a gintleman now."

She laughed over her joke, and Dick could not refuse to laugh too as he brought her the coat.

"There's nothin' like havin' a good strong back to be puttin' a coat on, an' belikes, a good strong pair of legs to carry it whin it's on," with a half-wistful glance at her own shrunken limbs. "Whisht now—did iver I be tellin' yees all of the poor cripple that wint the long ways for to ask the cluricaune* to give him the bag of gold?"

This sounded like one of Biddy's stories, for which she was famous, and the children gathered around her as she bent over the coat, turning her quaint little face this way and that way, trying how the patch could best be set.

"Yes, a poor little gossoon he was, with the crooked back and the crippled legs. An' he was afther bein' tould by somebody that the ould cluricaune would be givin' him a bag of gold if he could find him in the mountains. So he hobbled, an' he hobbled, an' whin he couldn't hobble any longer for the ache in his legs, he crawled an' he crawled. An' at last he got up into the dar-r-r-rk mountain where there was big threes an' gloomy caves an' rocks an' water-falls, an' thin he called as loud as he could call, 'Cluricaune! cluricaune!' An' thin—" Biddy shook her head slowly and turned her eyes impressively from one to the other—"there was a awful shakin' an' a roarin', an' a dhre-e-e-adful—" she stopped and held off the coat to study the effect of the finished side of the patch.

"Do go on, Biddy."

"Dhre-e-e-adful rumblin' o' tundher an' lightnin' an' the earth opened at the very feet of him—at the—very—feet of him!—" Biddy held up her finger and half-whispered, "An' thin there come a whiff o' black shmoke—Tim, will ye be findin' the scissors for me?"

She snipped away in a very business-like manner.

"*Will* ye be goin' on thin, Biddy?"

"Black shmoke, an' thin come the cluricaune, a little ould man he was, wid a brown face an' a beard 'way down to his feet. An' the cluricaune, he says:

"'Who is it will be makin' bold to call to me?' An' Pat (the b'y's name was Pat), says he, wid his knees tremblin' and his tongue shtiff wid the fright that was in him, says he:

"'It's meself, it is, no offense to ye at all, at all!' An' the cluricaune, he says:

"'What will ye be wantin' wid me?' An' Pat he says:

"'A bag of gold, an' please yer honor.'

"An' the cluricaune he laughed the likes as if all the rocks was tumblin' an' clatterin' about, an' thin a big bag come crashin' down, an' the cluricaune went flyin' away on a black cloud. An' Pat took up the bag to carry. An' it was heavy an' hard on the poor lad, an' he wandered an' shtumbled about, niver findin' his way out, an' sometimes he would hear the laughin' o' the wicked ould cluricaune as the bag got heavier an' heavier, an' his back would be br'akin' wid the load. An' whin the strength an' the courage was gone out of him he sat down an' he cried with the misery an' the homesickness. An' thin he heard a noise—not roarin' an' tundherin' but shweet an' soft, an' thin he saw—oh-h-h-h, Dicky!—the iligant little lady all dhrest in sunshine an' rainbows an' shtandin' on a sunbeam an' it niver br'akin' in two! And says she,

"'What will be the matther wid ye, ye poor little spalpeen?' An' says he,

"'It's the gold the cluricaune give me is too heavy.' An' says she,

"'What would ye be wantin' wid his gold? It's yersilf ought to know that gold that isn't airnt by yer own hands 'll be only a shnare to ye.'

"An thin, Dicky, wid wan flirt of her beautiful wand she flung the bag of gold into the big black lake, an' jist as Pat was wishin' to say (but didn't, for it's a proper mannered b'y he was an' knew it wasn't for the likes of him to be shpakin' his mind to a lady), 'How can I be airnin', ma'am, whin it's me legs are crippled an' me back bent?'—she seemed to be guessin' his thoughts, for says she:

"'It's a betther gift I'll be givin' ye. Take it an' be off home wid ye, an' don't ye niver again be lookin' out for gold yer own hands hasn't worked for.'

"An' she give him a bag, an' thin his way grew 'asier an' 'asier, an' his legs began to be gettin' shtronger an' shtronger, an' his back to be gettin' shtraighter an' shtraighter, an' his bag gettin' lighter an' lighter, an' at last—Katie, will ye be puttin' on an iron for to press the patch—at last, Dicky, he was as foine an' shtraight an' likely as yersilf, an' he looked in the bag an' it was impty, sure! for the fairy—bless her purty face!—was well knowin' there's no gift of doin' for yer own silf, an' all her good things had gone into the b'y. Now, Dicky, me heart, will ye be lookin' at the brave patch?"

And Dick kissed her with an inward resolve that if he did not like to wear it she should never know it.

"It's the iligant dinner of hot mush an' melasses ye'll be havin' whin ye gets back, ye comfort o' the wurruld."

So said his mother as he placed himself before the cart the next morning. He threw back a loving smile to her and Biddy and plodded away, hoping with all his heart that there might be few boys about. It seemed so at first, for he reached the boarding-house for which his mother washed without meeting with any annoyance.

"That's a big wash this week," said the kindly housekeeper, as he lugged in with his basket. "Your mother's a good worker. Here's a basket of pieces for you, and a bit of meat to make a drop of soup for Biddy, bless her cheery little heart!"

The pay for the big wash was so liberal, too, that Dick stopped and bought a piece of bacon, and actually went so far as to get a quarter of a pound of tea for his mother.

But as he turned homeward, full of delight at thought of the treat he was carrying, fate seemed to turn against him. Notwithstanding all the promises made by Madame Spring that her daughter April would bring with her a supply of sunshine and balmy breezes, a light snow had fallen the night before, and now a volley of balls from unseen hands saluted poor Dick. Then from every corner boys shouted their witticisms. A yelping cur was set on his heels, and when he had to let go his cart to shake him off it was seized and

*Cluricaune—An Irish fairy of the malevolent order.

wheeled away with loud shouts of merriment. He dashed after and recovered it, but not before a boy was jumping over a fence with his clothes-basket. It was no use trying to catch him, and he walked on while his tormentors gathered closer, soon tripping him over into the snow, where some held him down while others washed his face. As he scrambled up he saw a boy making off with the piece of meat given him for Biddy. This was too much. He threw himself into the midst of the mischievous crowd and fought gallantly for it, but all to no purpose. He was rolled over and over in the snow, losing in the tussle a skirt of his coat—the coat which Biddy had mended with such loving care. Then all rushed together upon the cart, and, pulling down a bundle of fodder, each took a stalk and pretended to lash him with it until he got to the foot of the long hill, where they stopped.

"Good-bye, Dicky."

"Pleasant walk to you."

"Give our respects to your mother, and its hoping she's well the day."

"And to Biddy."

"And to Mike and Tim."

"Good-bye, good-bye."

Their mocking voices gradually died away as he toiled on with a heart as heavy as the cart, which surely had never been so heavy before. Forlorn and poverty-stricken and helpless enough he felt as at last he drove the cart before him into his mother's yard.

"Bad luck to 'em—thim b'ys!" he said, as he went into the house and saw his mother bending over the mush-pot. "It's the nate little bit o' mate for Biddy, an' the grand things I was bringin' yees all, an' they took 'em."

"Niver moind it, me b'y. Come an' be 'atin' yer dinner. It's turkey an' plum-puddin' 'twill be if ye only makes belave so."

"Rin to the cart, Mike," said Dick, "an' see will they be l'avin' any thing at all in it."

The young fry scampered out, and soon such a din was raised as drew Dick and his mother after them.

"Be the powers!—an' will ye be lookin' at the big ham!"

"An' the bag o' pratees!"

"An the brave foine coat—an' the shoes!"

"An the rid petticoat an' the hood!"

"An' the bundles! An' the bags wid things in 'em!"

Dick and his astonished mother stood gazing in bewilderment as treasure upon treasure was rummaged out of that old cart. Bags and parcels were stowed in so cleverly that when all were carried in by the rejoicing little crowd the table would not hold the good cheer, while much-needed articles of clothing lay upon every chair.

"It's them b'ys it was!" cried Dick, in great excitement. "They pestered me till the sinse was gone out of me intirely, an' thin they put the things in the old cart."

"May the good Lord bless ivery wan of 'em!" said the mother, fervently, with tears in her eyes.

Some kindly eye had surely taken heed of poor Dick's needs, for a suit of clothes was found which fitted only himself.

"It's goin' to school I'll be to-morrow," he cried, dancing about in delight.

He did go, and met with only kind treatment from the boys, whose hearts had been warmed by the doing of a good deed.

"The best April fun we ever had in our lives," they had energetically agreed among themselves.

"Yes, a glorious joke!"

"You must draw your pen
Not once or twice, but o'er and o'er again
Through what you've written, if you would entice
The man who reads you once to read you twice.
Not making popular applause your cue,
But looking to find audience fit, though few."

THE GIFT OF EMPTY HANDS.

They were two princes doomed to death;
Each loved his beauty and his breath;
"Leave us our life, and we will bring
Fair gifts unto our lord, the king."

They went together. In the dew
A charmèd bird before them flew.
Through sun and thorn one followed it;
Upon the other's arm it lit.

A rose, whose faintest blush was worth
All buds that ever blew on earth,
One climbed the rocks to reach; ah, well,
Into the other's breast it fell.

Weird jewels, such as fairies wear
When moons go out, to light their hair,
One tried to touch on ghostly ground;
Gems of quick fire the other found.

One with the dragon fought to gain
The enchanted fruit, and fought in vain;
The other breathed the garden's air
And gathered precious apples there.

Backward to the imperial gate
One took his fortune, one his fate;
One showed sweet gifts from sweetest lands,
The other, torn and empty hands.

At bird and rose and gem and fruit,
The king was sad, the king was mute;
At last he slowly said: "My son,
True treasure is not lightly won.

"Your brother's hands, wherein you see
Only these scars, show more to me
Than if a kingdom's price I found
In place of each forgotten wound."

—*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

HOW TO EARN MONEY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

More about Harvest in Spring.

This is encouraging. Some of the young readers of Our Youth are in earnest. They wish to learn more, they want to know what to do in this work of raising plants in the spring. There is nothing like a fellow who wants to help himself, and Our Youth is very glad to help him.

First of all, we must have a thermometer. Get a good one having the figures plainly marked on metal or on the glass. Hang it up out-of-doors on the north side of a fence or post, but not directly on any building. Look at it every morning at exactly seven o'clock, and make a record of the height of the mercury. This is the first work, and must be done every day without fail for a whole month. Your purpose is to raise plants under glass, and you must, first of all, find out what the temperature is at night where you live. The temperature is usually lowest about sunrise or a little after, and seven o'clock is the coldest hour of the day. If the temperature does not fall below 30 degrees at seven o'clock on clear mornings, it is time to begin the work of raising plants in a cold-frame.

Dig up from some plowed field ten or twenty wheel-barrow loads of good soil, and pile it in a heap in the barn or under a shed to dry. Then, for every load of soil add to the heap one half load of old manure, or, if this cannot be obtained, one pound of guano to each load of the soil. If the soil is

heavy and sticky, add also one load of clean sand to every three loads of soil. When perfectly dry all these, the manure, or guano, sand, and soil, must be well mixed together, and run through a wire sieve used for sifting ashes, to free it from stones and hard lumps. This is your stock of soil, and it must be kept under shelter till wanted. As soon as this soil is dug up it is best to take, say, a peck or two, into the house and spread it near the stove to dry. As soon as dry enough to handle without sticking to the hands, it must be sifted quite fine and mixed with about one third its weight with house sand (taking care to first put the sand in a pail of water to wash the salt out and then drying it).

At the grocery store get a few raisin-boxes or soap-boxes, cut into two shallow trays. Bore a couple of holes in the bottom of each box and fill with fine prepared soil. Shake the box to settle the soil, leaving about an inch of the edge of the boxes above the soil. In these shallow trays, or seed-pans, plant the seeds mentioned in OUR YOUTH for February 27. To gain time this work should be done first of all. The trays must be kept in a warm room, but need not be in a window for the first forty-eight hours.

If the thermometer does not fall below 30 degrees at seven o'clock, the cold-frame can be started at once. If it falls below this, and the plants begin to start in the seed-pans, they must be put in a warm, sunny window by day, and placed in a room where there is a fire by night. Get at the lumber-yard good planks, sound, and free from knots, second-hand lumber being as good as any. The best material is two-inch pine plank, not less than one foot wide. We must next decide how many sash you are to use. They cost in our large cities about $3 each, and they measure six feet long and three feet wide. We will suppose you mean to use two, and then, if you wish to use more, you can easily see how a larger frame is to be made. If it is not possible to use hot-bed sash, any window-sash can be used, but when in place in the frame it is well to cut a notch in the lower side of each cross-bar to let the rain-water run off. Regular sash are, however, always best, and a good set will last with care for many years. With a hatchet cut out a few stakes about two feet long. With these and the two sash we will go to work.

The place where the frame is to stand is of the utmost importance. It must be dry and face the south or south-east. If there are pools of water after every rain it is too wet, and if this is the only spot that can be used, a trench must be made to carry off the water. The place must also be sheltered from the west and north-west winds. The best place is a warm, snug corner on the south side of a tight board fence or a building. Unless such a sheltered place facing the sun can be found, it will be almost useless to do any thing. The right place having been found, a narrow trench about three inches deep is dug next the fence or wall, leaving a space about a foot wide behind it. The plank is then cut into two pieces, each six feet long. One of these is set upright in the trench and fastened by driving the stakes on each side into the ground and filling in the trench. Then at each end two more trenches are dug at right angles, and each six feet long. Saw the rest of the plank into three pieces, one six feet long, and two of them five feet eight inches each. Take these shorter pieces and set them on edge in the trenches at the ends of the first plank. Take pains that there is a good fit where the planks join, and sink the lower, or south, ends of these two planks about three inches deeper into the ground. Fasten in place with the stakes and then dig a deeper trench across the lower end and fit the remaining piece into place to form a square box on the ground. Put a few good spikes into the corners to make all secure, and plane the edges of the upper and lower planks to give them the same slope as the sides. Put the two sash on top and see that they fit snugly all around. If hot-bed sash cannot be used, of course, the size and shape of the box must fit the sash. If more than two sash are used the two end pieces are simply moved farther apart, and the pieces at front and back are made longer. It is not unusual to see fifty sashes in a row, and fifty rows, one before another, on some sunny hill-side, in the market gardens in New York.

As soon as the frame is ready have the soil put inside and nicely leveled off, making it at least six inches deep and within about eight inches of the sash. If the soil is good where the frame stands it will also be well to have it carefully spaded up before the soil is put in. If one or both of the frames are to be used for tomato-plants the soil must not come within twelve inches of the glass, and to gain room some of the soil inside the frame should be dug out before the new prepared soil is put in. If the day is sunny, put the sash on the frame and put the thermometer inside, resting it against the side of the frame away from the direct sunlight, or lay a small piece of paper on the glass to shade the thermometer. Leave the sash closed for an hour, and on opening it a little at the back and thrusting the hand inside the air will feel warm and moist. Look at the thermometer, and if it is above 70 degrees the trays of seeds can now be put in the frame on top of the soil. They must be within four inches of the glass, and if the soil is not high enough put some bits of wood under the trays.

Now begins the work. Keep the thermometer inside all the time, for it must be carefully examined every day at seven o'clock, again between nine and ten, at three o'clock, and again at six at night. While this work is going on some old pieces of carpeting or matting must be prepared and cut into pieces about seven feet long and four feet wide. These are for covers to put on the sash at night. To make very warm covers the best plan is to take two pieces of carpet and to place straw between them, and to quilt them together with twine. Such a double mat will keep the plants warm even if it freezes hard outside.

We are all ready, mats, a watering-pot with a fine nose, and plenty of water in easy reach. The water, by the way, should never be cold. If cold add a little hot water from the tea-kettle to make it feel a little warm to the touch. We begin in the morning at seven with the trays of seed just starting in the frame. The sky is clear and it promises to be a pleasant day. The thermometer out-of-doors is 29 degrees. Lift up the sash at the back and pull out the thermometer. It says 40 degrees. That is a safe temperature, and there is nothing to do at present. Leave the thermometer inside and the frame closed. At ten o'clock the glass inside marks 80 degrees. The sun has raised the temperature to summer heat. Raise the sash and look at the young plants in the boxes. Unless quite damp give them a good showering of tepid water. Then put a stone under the back of each sash to keep it open about an inch. If the sky keeps clear there is nothing to do till three o'clock. Then take out the stones and shut the sash tight. If the weather is still clear, cover the frame with the mats at six o'clock. The next morning is cloudy and it remains cloudy till noon. There is nothing to be done except to take off the mats at seven o'clock. It then clears off, and the frame must be watched or it will be ruined in half an hour. As soon as the thermometer rises above 80 degrees—and this will happen as soon as the sun shines—the sash must be raised at the back to let out the heat. Watch the thermometer carefully, and if it falls below 70 degrees the sash is too wide and must be a little closer. By three o'clock it must be closed for the night and the mats put on at six o'clock. The next day it rains, and there is nothing to do but to take off the mats in the morning and put them on again at night. The next day is sunny and the sash is raised about half past nine, but at once it clouds over. The sash must at once be closed and kept closed, unless the sun comes out before three o'clock.

This is the work. To keep the frame warm at night with the mats. To keep it closed on cloudy days, and to open it a little at the top from ten till three o'clock every sunny day. The thermometer must be the guide. If the temperature inside rises above 80 degrees give a little air. As soon as it falls below 80 degees shut it up. If the thermometer falls below 40 degrees out-of-doors at night put

on the mats. If late snow-storms come keep the mats on till it stops or till the next day. Only open the sash to water the plants or to transplant them on sunny mornings, unless several cloudy days follow each other and the plants get dry.

Water thoroughly and shut up the sash after watering for a little while, even on sunny days. When the young plants in the seed-pans are ready they can be transplanted directly into the soil of the frame. Set out the tomato-plants six inches apart and the smaller plants much closer. If radishes are planted the seed can be sown directly in the frame where they are to grow, and in rows six inches apart. Lettuce that is to ripen in the frame should be put six inches apart each way. All the rest is only common sense, patience, and watchfulness. Watch the sun, watch the thermometer, and don't be afraid of work.

"AN OCEAN GREYHOUND."

THE late disaster to the Cunard steam-ship *Oregon* off Fire Island, and the minute and graphic accounts of the daily press, have brought the character and peril of ocean travel vividly before the public.

A description of the *Oregon*, which was a type of the latest transatlantic steam-ship, will perhaps be of interest to our readers.

The *Oregon* was 520 feet in length, or as long as two city blocks, including the street between them. She was 54 feet in beam (width), and 41 feet in depth. Her engines were capable of giving 13,000 horse-power. Her cost was $1,250,000. This huge vessel had five decks. The upper, or promenade, deck was exclusively for the use of first-class passengers. Next came the main deck, on certain portions of which the steerage passengers were allowed to take an airing. The third, or berth, deck was occupied chiefly by the main saloon and first-class state-rooms, or cabins, as they are usually called at sea.

The steerage passengers occupied the fourth deck, which could accommodate 1,000 persons. There was room for 400 first-class passengers, 92 intermediate, 140 third-class, and 150 seamen. This mammoth steamer could carry nearly 1,800 people. She could transport all the inhabitants of an average sized country town, "bag and baggage," to any quarter of the globe.

The first-class cabins were richly decorated in costly woods and rich fabrics, electric lights illuminated every part of the ship, electric bells called attentive servants to every cabin, and the passengers, if the sea were smooth, or sea-sickness conquered, might sit down to three meals a day which rivaled in variety and excellence the tables of the best hotels of Europe or America.

This floating palace, with its grand saloon, its drawing-rooms, its promenades, smoking-room, library, barber-shop (usually closed in rough weather, lest the barber become an involuntary homicide), evening concerts, open-air games, and pleasant companionships, was something more than a magnificent hotel. It was one of the swiftest steamers that plow the waves of the Atlantic. An "ocean greyhound," the reporters were fond of calling her. Very few people have any idea what fast time these steam-ships can make. One day's run of the *Oregon* on her fatal trip was 537 miles from noon one day until noon the next. To be sure this was exceptional speed, the wind was favorable, and she plunged along under both sail and steam.

"This was railroad speed," some one will say.

The Northern Pacific express makes about 535 miles per day between St. Paul and Portland, Oregon, and the Union Pacific between Ogden and San Francisco about 520 miles in twenty-four hours. It was more than trans-continental railroad speed.

The captain of an ocean steamer is a monarch. His word is law at sea. It must be so, for almost all depends upon perfect discipline.

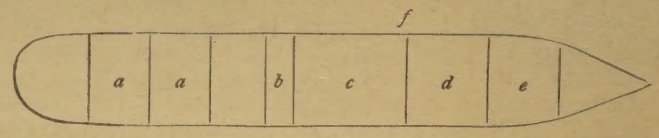
The captain of the *Oregon* ruled his men and passengers well in time of danger, and though his steamer lies at the bottom he has the satisfaction of knowing that not a life was lost.

The question on every lip after the news came was: "How could so small a vessel sink the great iron-sided *Oregon?*"

When it is remembered that the *Oregon* was making twenty miles an hour, and the alleged schooner which sunk her could not have been going less than eight, it is apparent that the shock must have been terrific, and perhaps it is not surprising that the iron plates yielded.

A great deal was said about water-tight bulkheads, and the claim was made that even with the huge gap below her water-line the steamer should have remained afloat.

Perhaps a word of explanation about the bulkheads in connection with the following diagram may be of advantage:



a, a. Cabins. *b.* Mail-room. *c.* Engine-room. *d.* Saloon. *e.* Forecastle. *f.* Point where the schooner struck.

The diagram represents a deck plan of the *Oregon.* The vertical lines represent the bulkheads—heavy iron partitions which divided the vessel into nine separate compartments. In case one compartment were injured the sluice-gates in the bulkheads could be instantly closed, and the leaking confined to the injured compartment, while the sound ones kept the vessel afloat.

The unfortunate feature of this accident was that the point of collision was just on a bulkhead, so that two compartments, the largest in the vessel, were injured, and the others could not counteract the weight of 3,000 tons of water. It is probable, however, that had it not been for the compartment system the vessel would have gone down almost immediately.

"NOT AS I WILL."

BLINDFOLDED and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

—*H. H. Jackson.*

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER XVII.

OFF FOR KOREA.

AFTER nearly a fortnight's stay in Nagasaki, during which Rex went ashore several times, and explored the native town, and climbed the important hills, and called upon the missionaries, and learned from them a good many interesting things about the customs and history of the Japanese, preparations were made on board the *Scranton* to leave for Korea. Stores and coal were received—the latter from the neighboring mines of Takasima. Several heavily laden coal-junks came along-side; a double line composed mostly of women was formed, extending from the decks of the junks to the coal

scuttles of the *Scranton*, and then small baskets of coal were passed from hand to hand with surprising rapidity. Occasionally a woman would fall out of line and go and nurse her child who was being cared for by an older child in the after part of the junk. To Rex, whose reverence for women was deep and chivalrous, such employment seemed degrading; but when he saw how cheerful the women themselves were, how they seemed to be continually jesting, and to regard their work as a sort of play, his feelings were somewhat modified. When the work was over the women crowded into sampans and were sculled away to their homes, singing as they went, and washing their arms and faces over the side of the boat.

"I'm glad we've not seen the last of Japan," Rex said to Andersen, as they were finishing some work in the mizzen-top, just as the ship rounded Pappenberg and headed for the open sea "I've only had a taste. The Japs are the most delightful people I ever knew in my life. I'd like to spend years here, and study their history and customs. It would take a life-time, it seems to me, to exhaust the subject."

Andersen smiled at the boy's enthusiasm. "Yes," he said, "we shall see Nagasaki again, and Kobe, and Yokohama, and perhaps Hakodate; and we shall sail through the pretty Inland Sea. I don't believe you will like Korea so well."

"Perhaps not," said Rex, "but then Korea must be a great novelty. It has been closed up so tight that outsiders do not know much about it. I'm real glad we are going there. I heard the ship's writer say that there are no charts of the water where we are going, and that our navigator had to make a tracing from surveys recently made by an English gun-boat —the *Flying Fish*."

They had finished their work in the top, and were starting to go down to the deck when Rex noticed something moving rapidly in the water in the wake of the ship. Andersen saw it too.

"It's the fin of a shark," he said. "I wonder if he'll try to fool with our propeller."

"There's no danger, I guess," said Rex.

"I don't know about that," Andersen replied. "I've known sharks to do such things. I was in a steam launch in Charlotte Harbor, on the west coast of Florida, a few years ago, and we were chased by a shark. He kept very close to us and looked mighty vicious. By and by, when we got into a broad sheet of water, he made a dash at the propeller, which was then making about a hundred and fifty turns a minute. It just scooped off the top of his head. He turned around and went this way"—Andersen waved his hand up and down from right to left. "Right for the beach he went, and piled himself up high and dry. A few days after I saw his skeleton. It had been picked by birds and ants as clean as though it had lain there twenty years."

Rex wanted to ask some questions, but the order was passed for all hands to lay down from aloft, and they both came down to the deck.

The usual routine for sea began—watch and watch, quarters, drills of various kinds. The wind was ahead. They passed the Gotos, and on the second afternoon sighted the western end of Quelpart. Its lofty mountain—Auckland—was hidden in masses of thick cloud. They encountered here strong north-westerly winds and "a nasty sea." The watch to which Rex belonged was called at midnight that night. When he went on deck he found it extremely dark, and the ship rolling and pitching violently. The spray came over the bows in sheets, drenching the decks. When the watch was mustered, Rex noticed, by the light of the lantern, that Reddy's head was bleeding.

"What's the matter with your head?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I fell down and stepped on it," was the laconic reply.

"But tell me, how *did* you hurt it?" said Rex, gently wiping the blood with his handkerchief.

"O, it's nothing," said Reddy. "When I turned out just now there came a heavy roll. I hadn't got my feet square on deck; so I went to leeward in a hurry and fouled my pate against a ringbolt or something."

"But you ought to go down to the sick bay and have it attended to."

"O, bother the sick bay! It's only a scratch. Let's find a comfortable corner somewhere. No use trying to walk on such a beastly night as this."

They found a place, as comfortable as any, in the port gangway. As the deck was wet, Reddy helped himself to some gratings, and laid them down; and Rex hunted up a couple of tarpaulins. By the help of some of the running rigging they made for themselves a sort of seat, and then drew the tarpaulins over them.

"Now we're all hunky dory," said Reddy; "as nice as a bug in a rug."

"But really, Reddy, I do think you ought to have your head plastered, or fixed up."

"O, go 'way with ye! You're as full o' suggestions as a dog is with fleas! What's the matter with you?"

"All right," said Rex, laughing, "it isn't my head."

Just as they got nicely fixed, a sailor walking by, stopped and looked down at them, trying to make out who they were in the darkness.

"O, is that you, Andersen?" said Rex, recognizing him. "Come in here; there's room for a third. The more the merrier!"

Andersen willingly complied.

They chatted about a good many things though interrupted a good deal by the howling of the wind.

"I'm glad there's no reefing top-sails to-night," said Andersen. "I hate to have men go aloft such a night as this."

"I don't know," said Rex; "I shouldn't mind it much. I rather like the excitement of handling sail on a stormy night."

"O well, you're a boy, and this is your first cruise. When you've been going to sea twenty years, you'll feel different."

"The men seem to hang on pretty well on this ship. We've had nobody fall from aloft yet," said Rex.

"Yes, we've been very fortunate," said Andersen, thoughtfully. "I never knew a ship more so. But it isn't in gales of wind that men fall. The most terrible fall I ever knew was on board the old *Powhatan*. A maintop-man, named Brandon—a mighty good fellow he was, too—went out on the top-gallant yard-arm to stop on the lifts and braces. How he let go the yard-arm no one ever knew; but the first thing we saw he was dangling in the air with nothing to hold on to but a seizing. He turned around once and we could all see his white, set face. Of course there was a rush to save him; but before he could be reached the rope-yarn parted and down he came."

"Was he killed?" Rex asked.

"Yes, instantly. He struck the paddle-box on his left elbow and side, and the surgeon said that every long bone in his body, to say nothing of his neck, was broken. He seemed like a mass of pulp when they took him up."

There was a silence for a few moments, and then Reddy told of something which he once saw:

"I saw a fellow fall once," he said. "It was in St. Thomas. I was in the *Saratoga*, and there was an English man-o'-war layin' near us. Her pennant got foul o' the royal stay, and a light-sparred chap was sent up to clear it. He wanted to show off—he knew they was a-lookin' at him. So, when he got to the stay, instead o' jerking the pennant clear, he went out on the stay, hands and feet, like a monkey. He got the pennant untwisted, and then he went back in the same way. When he got back to the mast he dropped his feet and partly turned around. He tried to get hold o' the mast with his legs and thought he had, for he let go with his hands. But his feet had no grip, and down he came. He turned two cart-wheels afore he struck. They had a big funeral the next day—lots o' function!"

Again the conversation lulled for a while.

"What's that thing near the capstan?" Andersen asked, just as two bells were struck.

"That must be Jerry," said Rex. "I wonder what he's doing on deck such a night as this."

"He follered some one up when the watch was called, and now he can't find his way down, with the hatch-hoods on," said Reddy.

"Jerry" was an enormous cat, and a great favorite with all the men. Rex called him, and cuddled him up on his lap, under the tarpaulin.

"I wish we had more pets on board ship," he said.

"There aint nothing to make a pet of here," said Reddy. "I hate these big ships with so much starch and fuss."

"I think it makes a crew more contented to have pets," said Andersen. "I was shipmate once with a pig that belonged to the wardroom mess. They took it on board to kill, but 'Dennis' got to be such a favorite that the men begged him or bought him of the steward, and we had lots of fun with him. He got to be very fond of tobacco, and used to keep the spit-kids clean."

"We had a sheep on board the *Saratoga*," said Reddy, "that liked cigars; rather have 'em than grass."

"When I was a boy, in the merchant service," said Andersen, "we had a seal who was a great pet. On pleasant days we would put him overboard, and he'd swim along-side and keep up with us, and come to the gangway three times a day for his meals.

"And then," he continued, "I was with an executive officer once who was crazy for pets. He had owls, and parrots, and singing birds, and a cat, and two dogs, and an iguana, and a seal. One day when he was ashore he came across a donkey colt, a pretty little creature, and bought him. He had him taken to the hotel where he was going to dine, and put him up in a chair at the same table with himself. About two o'clock in the morning he came off to the ship. I was the quartermaster on watch, and when I saw him bringing the thing up the ladder in his arms, I couldn't imagine what it was. He took the donkey down into the wardroom and tried to make him lie down in his room, but the poor little thing got frightened and began to bray. That woke up the menagerie. The parrots began to squawk, and the dogs to bark; and that woke up the officers; and pretty soon the admiral was roused, and he sent his orderly down with a private message. In less than five minutes that donkey went over the side again. The executive officer took him ashore, and stayed ashore himself until day-break."

"What a pity!" said Rex. "Wouldn't it be fun if we could have a donkey on board here, Reddy?"

"We have no lack of 'em, as it is," said Reddy. "I'd rather have a monkey."

"We had a monkey on board the *Plymouth*," said Andersen, "that was full of mischief. He used to steal the spools of thread when the men were sewing, and run up in the rigging with them. If they chased him, he'd take to one of the forestays, and hang by his tail. One day one of the men slushed his tail for him, and when he tried his old trick, and ran out on the stay, his tail wouldn't hold, and he came sliding down to deck as slick as though he was coasting down hill. But you ought to have seen him look at his tail. It made us all laugh."

"Yes," said Rex, "it must have taken him a long time to get back his confidence in his tail."

"I heard of another monkey on board the *Ossipee*, which was a great pet," Andersen continued. "They put him into regular uniform as a sailor; and they had a little hammock made for him, and taught him to 'stand by,' and carry his hammock down every night, and lash it in the morning and carry it back to the nettings. When the captain inspected ship, he would stand on the capstan, and at the order 'Division—Salute!' he would take off his cap with great gravity."

Just then there came a heavy roll, followed by a crash between decks.

"I wonder what carried away that time," said Reddy.

"I hope it wasn't the organ," said Rex.

"No, it was farther aft—in the cabin—the table, or one of the sideboards," said Andersen. "I remember once in the *Lancaster*, down in the South Atlantic, we caught a gale off Maldonado. We had an organ on board. When not in use it was kept in the forward wardroom—they had two wardrooms then. One of the officers hated that organ, couldn't bear to hear it played, called it a 'hurdy-gurdy.' Well, that night he happened to be passing through the forward wardroom, and there came a roll, and the organ broke loose from its lashings, and made straight for him. He dodged it, but there came another roll, and it chased him again. It was very funny. It did seem as though that organ was disposed to settle accounts with him for all the abuse he had heaped upon it. And it caught him, too, just as he was jumping into one the rooms to avoid it, and took the skin off the calf of one of his legs."

"Served him right," said Rex, laughing.

A loud snore from a sailor who had curled himself up near them attracted their attention.

"Who is that?" Andersen asked.

"I guess it's Furlong. He stowed himself away there a half-hour ago," said Reddy.

"I think he has the most sonorous voice of any man in the ship," said Rex.

"Yes, and the most *s'norous* nose," said Reddy, "He's never still, day nor night."

They passed Ross Island the next morning. The wind gradually hauled to the west, and fore and aft sail was set. The Cliffords and the Ferrieres group were successively passed, and then the *Scranton* entered a sort of archipelago, and picked her way slowly. On the afternoon of the third day she entered a broad bay and dropped anchor off Roze Island. A small settlement beyond the island on the mainland, about three miles away, was pointed out as Chimulpo.

A Japanese gun-boat was lying at the same anchorage, and an Italian corvette; but even their presence did not lighten the scene of an indescribable dreariness. There was no sign of life anywhere. The islands though hilly were treeless. The rich verdure and charming fertility of Japan had no counterpart in the bare desolation that every-where met the eye.

"We haint made no mistake, and brought up in Labrador?" Reddy asked of Rex, as they were working together aloft.

"I rather guess not," said Rex. "Why, Labrador is at the other end of the world, you ninny!"

"Well, for a wildly excitin' place, I think this takes the cake."

"What do you expect in the 'Land of Morning Calm?'"

"Is that what they call it? I'll bet, then, we shall find it the 'Land of Afternoon Blow.' I never knew a calm which wasn't followed by a gale."

They stood in the top together and looked at the neighboring gun-boat as she swung with the tide.

"What a narrow beam she has!" Rex said.

"Yes," said Reddy, "she's as slim as a fishin' pole. I'll bet she'll roll the beans out o' her coppers in a gale o' wind. There comes a sampan from the shore. What a fat old rascal that is in the bow! He's no Korean."

"I suppose it's the comprador," said Rex. "I hope he'll have a bumboat for us. There comes the chaplain on deck. He's got a chart and a pair of marine-glasses. Let's go down, Reddy. May be he will tell us something about the place. I'd like to get a look at that chart."

"I'll take none of the chaplain in mine, just now," said Reddy, sharply.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Rex, fixing his large eyes with wonder upon him. "I know you don't care for religious views, but you've always spoken of him as a man of integrity, and—"

"Yes, that's just what's the matter. He's got too much 'inte-*grit*-y' to suit me."

Rex was too much in earnest to notice the pun.

"What is there between you and the chaplain?" he demanded, excitedly.

"O, I aint a givin' it away," replied Reddy, in a surly tone.

"You've been doing something, or saying something wrong," said Rex, taking him by the arm, and looking straight into his eyes, "and you know it." Then, calming his excitement, he asked in a kind tone, "What was it, Reddy?"

"I aint been doin' nothin'!" Then, submitting to the control which Rex had gained over him, he added, "One o' the men was readin' a paper the other day, an' I borrowed it, an' 'Holy Joe' caught me readin' it, an' he lit inter me."

"What paper was it?"

"The 'Police News.'"

"What, that dirty, vile sheet!" He dropped Reddy's arm and turned away, not daring to trust his voice in his indignation.

"Well, you needn't be so hard on a feller," Reddy said, at length. "I haint had your bringin' up. I knew nuthin' better to read up to four years ago. It's been mighty hard to pull up and be decent."

"But what made you want to read the paper now?" asked Rex, softening somewhat and turning toward him. "You know its character well. What taste could you have for it now?"

"Well," said Reddy, flushing somewhat, "I used to know a good many of the young fellers that show up in it, an' I was cur'ous to see if they was still in the bizness."

Rex looked at him keenly for a moment, then he took him by the hand. "Reddy, I'll help you all I can to 'pull up and be decent,' as you say, but if I ever hear of your reading that sort of paper again, I'll—"

"O! you needn't worry about it?" said Reddy, as he returned the pressure, and then turned to leave the top through "the lubbers' hole." He stopped on the ratlines to ask Rex to tell him all he found out from the chaplain. But that officer was called below just as they reached the deck, and conversation with him was postponed until the next day.

As they went forward to the port gangway they saw "the fat rascal," as Reddy had called him, talking with one of the stewards. He proved to be a Japanese comprador, Daibutsu, by name (or Great Buddha), a name which had been given to him, or adopted by him, more for his size than his piety. He was a shrewd, good-humored man of business, with a fair smattering of English, and with a facility for "squeezing" which would have delighted a Chinaman. His sampan was pulled or handled by some filthy-looking Koreans. They were bringing up some slim packages of straw about eighteen or twenty inches long, and piling them upon the deck. Rex stooped down to examine the packages, and found to his surprise that each contained ten eggs, laid in as deftly and packed as securely as peas in a pod.

"That's a wrinkle we ought to know at home," said the sergeant at the gangway.

[*To be continued.*]

WHEN THE ARCTIC ICE BREAKS UP.

BY FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

An ocean channel in the arctic seas during the winter is rather hard to describe. First, imagine the ice we have on a large river at home to be some seven or eight feet in thickness. Then in this thick ice imagine a great number of large dry-goods boxes, and piles of dry-goods boxes interspersed here and there with small cottages, and occasionally a two-story house, and have all these things whitewashed to represent snow, and you will not have a very bad representation of an arctic channel of ice when covered with snow. All these large and small jagged protuberances, which give the parts where they are resting the name of "hummocky" ice, are the ice-blocks from the year before that did not melt during the short summer, and got frozen in when the new sheet of ice was formed in the early winter. This ice would be floating hither and thither, making the "ice packs" and "ice fields" of which we read in polar literature, and where the first cold snap of coming winter caught it, there it froze in the "ice-floe" to remain through the winter and break up again next summer.

In the spring of the year, from the 1st of June to the 1st of July, according to the locality, the snow on this ocean channel ice melts, and the worst trouble a sledgeman has in crossing it is the fresh water in great lakes and ponds on top of the salt water ice. This lasts but a few days, draining off through the tide-cracks and seal-holes, and the salt water ice is exposed to the rays of the never-setting sun. Wherever the ice is a little darker color, or near shore where dirt from the banks has blown out on it, it melts rapidly. I have seen a kelpstock of black color cut down through the ice some six feet before the ice broke up, the channel it made being but two or three inches wide as it disappeared. Thus the great sheet of rough ice melts unequally, and when some driving storm springs up about this period of its existence, it is broken into pieces and sent drifting around as ice-packs and ice-fields.

On the 24th of July, 1879, we were sledging on the ice of Victoria Channel in the Arctic Sea. It was very rotten and honey-combed with seams here and there, and it was evident that it would go to pieces the first storm. The sledge rose and fell on the rough surface like a ship in the storm, and when the day's work was over I was glad to see my Esquimau dog-driver, Toolooah, get in to the shore safely with the dogs and sledge, for a storm was coming up in the well-known bad quarter, and to be out on the ice when it broke up, and the great cakes commenced rolling over each other was certain death to a puny man caught in such a fearful predicament. We pitched our little tent and crawled into it. About noon of that day, the water coming up to our tent, I ran out to view the situation, and found that my worst fears were realized. Every-where the ponderous blocks of the broken ice, some as big as houses, were in terrible motion, rising and falling, tumbling and grinding over each other in a thundering roar upon roar that made the loudest commands inaudible at a few paces. Great fields of ice, covering acres in extent, would be lifted high in the air by the driving mass, and breaking by its own weight send blocks of ice as big as cabins spinning over the whitened, frothy surface, crushing every thing in their way, while the terrible splashing of the water, sending geyser spouts aloft, was driven in fine spray before the shrieking gale, wrapping all these warring forces of nature in a weird light that added a mysterious solemnity to the appalling scene before us.

Perched high on a newly made hummock, as if it had climbed there to look for a means of escape, was the half-loaded sledge, in imminent danger of being upset. All hands turned out in a twinkling and our aeronautical carriage was soon safely ashore. Thus ended sledging, on the 24th of July, until the coming winter's ice should form, or about the middle of September, less than two months.

TWO COMETS COMING.

We are about to receive a couple of interesting visitors from another system. Two stranger-comets are promised for us to wonder at during the spring and summer of 1886. Nobody knows whence they come or whither they will go when their sojourn with us is ended.

Prof. Boss, the astronomer, tells the "Albany Express" how the newcomers will conduct themselves while they are here:

The comet discovered in Paris Dec. 1 is slowly increasing in brightness, and promises to be a grand spectacle. About the middle of April the comet will undoubtedly become visible to the naked eye. Two weeks later it will be very much brighter—perhaps at its maximum—and then it will probably be as brilliant a spectacle as the great comet of 1881, which attracted so much attention. The position of the Paris comet—we call comets, you know, by the names of their discoverers or after the places from which they are first seen—will be much like that of the comet of 1881, and will be visible all night. It will be seen in the western sky early in the evening, as was that of 1881. It will appear very bright, as there will be no moon to detract from its brilliancy. When nearest the earth the comet will be only 12,000,000 miles distant. This will be a nearer approach to the earth than any comet of recent years

has made. Another remarkable thing about this comet will be the long period for which it will retain its brightness—probably from May 1 to May 15. It will thus afford a long time for popular study of its appearance.

The comet will then disappear from the view of persons in the northern hemisphere, and will sweep all its grandeur into the sight of people south of the equator. To them it will retain its brightness for a longer time than to observers in the northern hemisphere. It will gradually fade from view, and about May 31 will not be visible except as a telescopic object. It will remain within the telescopic view, however, until about Aug. 1—an unusual period of visibility. At the same time, and under much the same conditions, the comet recently discovered by Barnard is increasing in brightness. It is doubtful, however, whether this comet will become visible to the naked eye to observers in this hemisphere. At about the same time that the Paris comet disappears from our view in the northern sky the Barnard comet will also disappear, and may be also seen by observers south of the equator. It is possible that it, too, may be visible to the naked eye from southern points. The Barnard comet will also remain visible until Aug. 1, or later. These two comets together will constitute the most remarkable conjunction of celestial phenomena noticed for years. Neither comet has a previous recorded appearance.

STRANGE STREAMS.

THE New York "Sun" has collected some curious facts about the rivers of the globe:

A number of rivers that can be found in almost any atlas possess remarkable characteristics which entitle them to rank among the natural curiosities of the world. In Algeria, for instance, there is a small stream which the chemistry of nature has turned into true ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes gallic acid. Letters have been written with this compound of iron and gallic acid which unite to form the little river.

In Colombia there is a river which, by admixture with sulphuric acid, becomes so sour that it is appropriately named Rio de Vinagre, or Vinegar River. Many varieties of fish abound in the large Orange River of South Africa until the river passes through a rocky region containing copper ores, below which the water is said to be poisonous and to kill the fish that venture into it.

"China's Sorrow" is the name that has been given to the great Hoang-Ho, which rises in the mountains of Thibet and follows a wonderfully circuitous channel for 2,500 miles to the sea. The waywardness of this mighty volume of water makes the river a constant source of danger instead of wealth to 170,000,000 of people inhabiting the central plain of China. It is known to have suddenly changed its course nine times. It has moved its mouth over four degrees of latitude each time, emptying its vast floods in different directions, and digging a new channel for itself where scores of villages had stood. It has greatly changed the physical character of a wide area, turning fertile regions into a sandy waste, or making shallow lakes of them, in which nothing grows, and over which nothing can sail. Whether it is within the power of western science to save this great plain from disastrous overflows and changes of the river bed is a question that has been considerably discussed in England of late years.

A very curious river is the Webbe Shebeyli, of East Africa, a deep and rapid stream, abounding in fish and crocodiles. Though it flows for hundreds of miles through fertile lands, the immense volume of water never reaches the sea. A little north of the Equator the river loses itself in a desert region a few miles from the Indian Ocean.

Very few great rivers have ever been thoroughly explored by going up stream. Travelers tried for two thousand years to find the sources of the Nile by ascending the river. By the time they had reached the difficult part of the stream their stores and energy were exhausted and they could go no farther. It was only by seeking the fountain heads first by overland routes that Schwatka was able to float down the Yukon, that Stanley mapped the Congo, and that Speke solved the secret of the Nile.

WAIF AND ADMIRAL.

THE maxim, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," has been exemplified in many striking ways, but the source of the injunction and its high moral excellence are sufficient motives for adding another to the long list of instances which go to prove its truth:

One morning, when the Duke of Clarence, before he became William IV., having received his commission and his ship, was on his way to his tailor's, in Plymouth, to get the new uniform, at the street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome, winning, and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets.

"Why, where is your father?" asked the prince.

"He was lost in the *Sussex*, on the Cornwall coast, two years ago."

"How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?"

The boy's face brightened, and he answered that he should like it very well. The prince took out his pocket-book and wrote out something upon a slip of paper, which he gave to the boy with a shilling.

"Go down to the docks," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the *Pegasus*. When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad! Show me that you have a true heart and you shall find a true friend."

Arrived on board the *Pegasus*, the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun-carriage under the break of the poop. In less than an hour the prince came off in his new uniform, and the boy was strangely moved upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, the Duke of Clarence, and captain of the frigate.

The boy, whose name was Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where the prince questioned him and forthwith ordered him to be rated as midshipman, and from his own purse procured him an outfit.

Time passed on, and the boy grew to be a man, serving king and country faithfully. In time, William became king, and signed the commission which made Albert Doyer rear-admiral. He exclaimed, as he put his signature to the document:

"There, if I have ever done a good deed for England, it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man!"

NOT A KING'S WARDROBE.

THE Germans have been much excited over their new colonies in Africa, and have expressed their feelings both in the more dignified channels and in popular songs, stories, and picture papers. A laughable incident growing out of this furor is related in an English paper. The hero of the story is the native king of the Cameroons:

Last year the name of this dusky sovereign was in all mouths in Germany, and a certain society of Leipsic determined to furnish King Bell with an outfit becoming a West African potentate of his renown. Along with various articles of dress, chosen with due regard to effect, a mantle of purple-red cloth was procured, together with a helmet of nickel-silver. This outfit was shown in the Crystal Palace of London before being sent to Bell Town, but finally it found its way to the seat of King Bell's government. Months passed away, but no word came to Germany telling of King Bell's pleasure or otherwise. Several days ago, however, the Leipsic Society received an unstamped letter from West Africa, on which it had the pleasure of paying a mark and a half. The missive proved to be from King Bell. It is written in English, and runs as follows:

"BELL TOWN, CAMEROON, January 3, 1886. Incular Riege.

"DEAR SIR: Your note which you wrote to me has come to hand. I am sorry to tell you that I did not receive quick as it ought to reach in my house, it layd very long in Mr. Wœrmann's factory. Had I received it quick I would have send you an answer long time ago. I receive your coat and cap which you send to me for a present, but I am very very sorry to say that your present does not find me satisfaction, because the coat and cap does not fit for a civilized man to wear it. It just do for a heathen man, but, however, I thank you for your kindness in remembering me. I am a king, so whenever you are sending me a present you must send a kingly present. Wishing you a happy and prosperous new year, with kind regards I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

"KING BELL."

THE TONGUE GUARDS.

THERE is in Hartford, Conn., a society of young people who have banded together to control the tongue, that "little member" that "worketh great evil." They call themselves the Tongue Guards, and they have the satisfaction of accomplishing good whether they keep their pledge or not, as will be seen by a study of their excellent constitution, which is printed by the "Hartford Times" for the benefit of others who may be interested in this novel organization:

CONSTITUTION OF THE TONGUE GUARD SOCIETY.

Motto:

"If aught good thou canst not say
Of thy brother, foe, or friend,
Take thou then the silent way,
Lest in word thou shouldst offend."

ARTICLE I. The name of this association shall be the Tongue Guard Society.

ARTICLE II. Any person may become a member of this society by signing the constitution aud conforming to its rules.

ARTICLE III. We the undersigned pledge ourselves to endeavor to speak no evil of any one.

ARTICLE IV. Should we, however, through carelessness break our pledge, we agree for each and every offense to forfeit the sum of one cent. The money so forfeited to be placed in a box reserved for this purpose, and to be expended semi-annually for charitable objects.

ARTICLE V. We also agree to use our best endeavors to increase the membership of the society in our town, and to assist in organizing societies in other places.

ARTICLE VI. It is, however, understood that when called upon to give our opinion of the character of another it shall be done in truth, remembering in what we say the Scripture injunction, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of TEN *or more; single copies, $1 25.*

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

THIS world is full of perplexing problems. Children begin life asking questions. They wonder at the wonders about them; and wonder more that no one seems able to remove the mystery that invests every thing. Wise men break through outer shells to find new and harder problems within. The deeper down and the farther in they go, the more do questions multiply. Nature answers question by question. The earth, the air, the sky, the soul, the past, the present, the future, are covered with interrogation points. This is a world crowded with mystery.

WE see facts and forms, and we call them by certain names. We know them by their names and talk familiarly about them, as when we speak of "air," of "electricity," of "gravitation." We ascertain by observation and experiment certain ways or laws that these things have, and finding out what they have done before, or what has been done with them, we are able to lay our plans for their use. Depending upon the steadiness of nature we project theories, and we work in harmony with these theories, as when we fly kites, build houses, insulate wires, and build up batteries of great power for sending sounds or other signals across vast distances. But beyond that we cannot go. We name and use these mysteries. That is all. When a child asks, "What are air and electricity and gravitation?" the wisest man must say, "I do not know." When the child asks, "How did they begin?" the philosopher must answer, "I do not know." He does not know. He may trace heat and light and electricity back to motion—but the problem of motion is as hard as any he had before encountered. Mystery—every-where!

BOTH child and philosopher, however, make use of the forces they cannot comprehend. The boy cannot, to save his life, tell of the wind, whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, or what it is, and yet he gives his kite into its keeping, and lets out cord at the bidding of its pressure. He gets fun and exercise out of the mysterious force, and does not mope and scold because he cannot understand its source or nature or the final cause of its various phenomena. In the same way telegraph companies invest millions of money, stretch wires, sink cables, and build offices, having perfect faith in a force about which they know but little. Men send messages day and night, over the land, under the sea, reckless as to cost, through men who handle the machinery which controls an energy which the machinery itself could explain about as well as the men who manipulate it. The impenetrable mystery investing a power does not prevent sensible men from using it if thereby they may get gain or do good.

AND this is highest wisdom. The work to be done is necessary to the order and prosperity of society. The knowledge of the philosophy is *not* necessary. A message will go as certainly and as rapidly where electrical conditions are observed as if the operator could explain the prime cause and hidden secrets of the electrical agent. And what is true of the world of nature is true of the world of grace—that other realm of being, of observation, of experience, and of practical adaptations. We live in the body, sustaining certain relations to the visible world and performing certain acts which these relations require and make possible. The problems do not deter us. The absolute uncertainty as to the causes and relations of things does not hinder us. So do we live in the spirit, sustaining certain relations to the invisible world, and we should in a wise way perform the acts which these relations require and make possible, the problem and the uncertainties not deterring or hindering us. This is common sense in matters of religion.

LET us therefore heed these practical counsels: Acknowledge the first great Cause who created all things, even if we cannot find him. Reverence the great Providence who governs all things, even though he hides himself from our bodily vision. Trust and love the great Father of all men, even though we do not see his outstretched arms of invitation and welcome. Imitate the spirit and life of Jesus Christ, even though we are perplexed to understand how he came to be born and how he wrought his great miracles or how he rose from the dead. Accept the inward impulses and leadings of the Holy Spirit as we study the word of God, even though it be beyond our power to explain the existence of such invisible influence, or tell how the Scriptures were inspired. Pray with true desire for the real blessings of the spiritual world, although we be as ignorant of the processes of prayer as we are of telegraphy. Find the conditions, conform to them, and secure the results, even if all the causes be hidden in hopeless uncertainty. Let us have common sense in matters of religion and spiritual life.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for April 4, 1886. THE WORD MADE FLESH.—John 1. 1–18. GOLDEN TEXT.—John 1. 14.

PREFATORY. Christianity is from Christ. If we call Christianity a "system," then Christ is the center and source of it. If we call Christianity a "house," or a "temple," then is Christ the foundation of it and the topstone, the architect, the builder, the proprietor, and the dweller within it. If we call Christianity a "tree," then is Christ the seed and the root and the life of it. Christ is every thing to Christianity, as the soul is every thing to the body, and as the sun is every thing to the day. To be a Christian is to be like Christ, and to have Christ, and to be in Christ.

Our lessons for this quarter bring us to the New Testament, and to that part of the New Testament called the Gospels, and to that one of the gospels which opens to us the deepest, most wonderful, and most precious things of Christ—the gospel of John. The Old Testament is the Outer Court, the New Testament is the Holy Place, the gospel of John the Holy of Holies—where we see most of the hidden and sacred things which pertain to Christ.

JOHN—we wont call him "Saint John" (that savors too much of Rome)—JOHN was a man who lived when Christ did. JOHN knew and loved him, talked with him, entertained him, witnessed some of the most wonderful phenomena of his every way wonderful life, leaned on his breast at supper, was called "the beloved disciple," lived to an extreme old age, and wrote this account of his life and character. We believe that this book of Christ's life which JOHN wrote is true in every sentence of it; and that it gives a faithful account of the True and Faithful ONE in whom we should be as much interested as JOHN was. "This is the spiritual gospel, . . . a cloud of glory hangs about the page. . . . It is rich in vocabulary. . . . There is no book in the Bible which has furnished so many figures of the person and work of Christ which have passed into the common use of Christians. . . . It is a bed of spices, a hill of frankincense, a garden of pleasant fruits, in which all devout spirits may meet the Holy One—the Loving and Beloved."*

* Donald Fraser, D.D.

INTERROGATORY. By what names is the WORD referred to in the lesson?.... By what figures of speech?....What facts are stated concerning His character, mission, and work?....Who was his "witness?"....In what words did this witness "bear witness" of him?....By what figures of speech is man or the race (as to character and conduct) referred to in the lesson?....What three short sentences in the lesson are, according to your view, the most valuable or beautiful of all that the lesson contains?....What hints for daily conduct can you gather from the lesson?

HOMILY. Out of the darkness a lost and wandering child hears a voice. The child recognizes it as his father's voice. The voice speaks one Word. The Word conveys the father's thought, whether it be a wish or a command. In the darkness the child was in uncertainty, perhaps in despair. The Word gave light and new life and comfort. What power there may be in a "word!" Every soul in this world is in darkness. Even though the sun shines, if it shines over a dead mother, or a dead sweetheart, or a dead lover, this world is very, *very* dark. The light is mere mockery. When you think of all the uncertainty of this world, of all the crime, of all the grief, of all the losses, of all the death, of all the despair, you are bound to say, "How *very* dark it is!" So it has always been. So it must have been to Eve when murdered Abel lay at her feet. So it must have been to Cain when the ground cried out against him because of his brother's blood. So it must have been to the mothers of Bethlehem when Herod slew their babes. So it is to-day in ten thousand homes with coffins in them, and millions of hearts with sin and fear and wonder and despair in them! Dark, *dark*, DARK!

In the darkness—a WORD! A word by ONE who is called THE WORD. The eternal WORD (ver. 1); the divine WORD (ver. 1); the creative WORD (ver. 3); the WORD of life (ver. 4); the WORD of light (ver. 4); the WORD of power (ver. 12); the WORD of grace and truth (ver. 14). Thank God, the Creator and Ruler of this universe, there is a wonderful WORD, able, in tones and with articulate speech, to make known the mysteries of eternity and the truths that man most needs!

This mysterious WORD is a person. We call him "person" for want of a better, clearer term to define his mission and nature. He is to us "person," divine, almighty, gracious. He was "made flesh" so that he might come into our history, see us and let us see him, feel our sorrows, realize our needs, touch our hands, win our love, ransom our souls, fight our battles, break our bonds, show us how God the invisible feels toward us, give us glimpses of the glory of God's higher kingdom, and prepare us in the body for life out of the body.

This is the *voice* speaking the word to the lost child in the darkness. This is the *diver* going down into the depths of the sea to find buried treasure. This is the *bay* by which the vast ocean is let into the shore so that boats may be launched without fear of breakers. This is the *light* suddenly struck in the cave showing the path of safety to the pilgrims. This is the king's *minister plenipotentiary* coming to report the king's feelings toward his subjects and to provide for their escape from the enemy's country and their safe home-bringing. This is the *ship* steaming down to the rescue of the wrecked passengers and crew of a lost steamer.

Wonderful manifestation in human history of the divine relations and destiny of man! Nothing more sublime was ever dreamed of by the poets! Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!

PRAYER. O Eternal WORD, speak to *my* heart that I may have light and life, grace and truth; that I may receive thee, believe on thy name, and become a son of God, being born of God; that I may receive of thy fullness and grace for grace, and that I may behold thy glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. And make me also, O Lord, a WORD in my place and according to my call, that I may reflect thy light, and thus by thee bless my fellow-men with a measure of thy grace and truth! Amen.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

WE advise our readers to act at once upon the suggestions contained in the prospectus of "The Journalist" on page 271 of OUR YOUTH. This is a rare opportunity for wide-awake young people to develop the valuable art of writing for the press. Some of you boys and girls will in due time enter the profession of journalism, and will then find that the prizes fall to those who express their thoughts in clear and compact language. Facility in expression is the result of such practice as is demanded by the "School of Journalism" which you are asked to join. Write out carefully what is in your mind to say, and then criticise, prune, and condense. This is the way to win.

Be sure to send your contributions as early as possible, for the "copy" for so important a paper as "The Journalist" is sure to be must be in the hands of the printer some little time before going to press.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That the term of the itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

Arguments for the Affirmative.

No. 5.—We affirm that the term of itinerancy in the Methodist Episcopal Church ought to be extended to six years.

First. Because a minister hardly gets settled, acquainted, and interested in his work of saving souls before he has to leave and begin anew in another locality.

Second. The damage done to furniture in moving from place to place cannot be estimated; besides, the expense of moving drains *very* heavily the minister's already too small salary.

Third. The pastor just begins to understand the needs of his people and how to work with success among them when he is called away; thus the progress of Christianity is hindered. W. T.

No. 6.—The ideal pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the man who, with the help of God, so makes his way into the hearts of his flock that he is recognized as the best friend of each—the one person who understands the needs and sympathizes with the feelings of the people whose guide he is appointed to be. Few men are blessed with natural qualities which enable one to enter a community and become at once an accepted and trusted counselor. Friendship and confidence are growths, and the folly of expecting grand results from a three years' pastorate has been proved too many times to require reiteration. By all means let the present limit, which dwarfs the efficiency of our most faithful pastors, be abolished. M. B. P.

No. 7.—The term of the itinerancy should be extended to six years, not only on account of the influence of such a change upon the pastor, but also because such an alteration is demanded by the best interests of his family. The children of Methodist ministers have always been at a disadvantage. They have had to pick up an education as best they could in their short sojourn in the towns of their father's pastorate. The advantages of long continuanee in a single school among friends are not to be disregarded in any system of education, yet the boys and girls of our ministerial households have been denied these benefits and have gained whatever they have acquired in a checkered course of one year here, two years there, and, if fortunate, three years at most in a single school. A. S. B.

No. 8.—The term of the itinerancy of the Methodist Episcopal Church should be extended to six years.

In order to do effectual work a pastor must become thoroughly acquainted with his flock. More work is done, or should be done, outside the pulpit than in it.

The minister must know his people intimately, he must sympathize with them in their hopes, sorrows, and ambitions. The most eloquent sermons are of little avail unless the preacher is heart to heart with his listeners.

In the brief years allotted to a pastor in each charge under the present system, it is well-nigh impossible for him to come into intimate relations with his people, and he has no time even then to reap the benefits of this preliminary work. Let the time be extended, and the pastor will become something more than a visitor. C. A. D.

Notice.

Negative arguments should be forwarded to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before March 27 and April 3*, 1886.

BEST BOOKS.

Lend-a-Hand. Greenfield, Mass.: Published by the Lend-a-Hand Company, 3 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.; 21 University Place, New York. Vol. i, Nos. 1–3, January, February, March, 1886. The leading editor of Lend-a-Hand is the man who loves always to lend a hand to whatsoever things are useful to humanity—Dr. Edward Everett Hale, of Boston. The magazine, which costs $2 a year in advance (single copy 20 cents), is devoted to the laws and labors of charity in all its forms every-where. It is unique in the field it attempts to occupy; varied beyond expectation in its subject-matter; a magazine for ministers, missioners, humanitarians, and for any one anywhere who would have "his name writ down as one who loves his fellow-men."

Easter the Day of Days. New York: Phillips & Hunt. This little eight-page pamphlet, which comes fresh from the press of the Book Concern, contains an interesting Easter service for Sunday-schools, prepared by Rev. S. P. Hammond. There are responsive readings by pastor and people, and general exercises by the various classes, interspersed with hymns from the *Epworth Hymnal*. Copies may be obtained of the publishers at $1 50 per hundred.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:
And in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.
I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. Amen.

THE TEN POINTS OF DOCTRINE.

I. I believe that all men are sinners.
II. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.
III. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.
IV. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten and to incline them to repent of their sins and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
V. I believe that all who repent of their sins and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ receive the forgiveness of sin. [This is justification.]
VI. I believe that all who receive the forgiveness of sin are at the same time made new creatures in Jesus Christ. [This is regeneration.]
VII. I believe that all who are made new creatures in Christ Jesus are accepted as the children of God. [This is adoption.]
VIII. I believe that all who are accepted as the children of God may receive the inward assurance of the Holy Spirit to that fact. [This is the witness of the Spirit.]
IX. I believe that all who truly desire and seek it may love God with all their heart and soul, mind and strength, and their neighbors as themselves. [This is entire sanctification.]
X. I believe that all who persevere to the end, and only those, shall be saved in heaven forever. [This is the true final perseverance.]

COMMIT to memory the "Apostles' Creed" and the "Ten Points."

THE Oxford Brotherhood beyond the sea were remarkably economical of time. They improved the spare minutes. John Wesley was one of the most systematic men of his age, or of any age, and probably carried too far his subdivision of the day and his assignment of work for every minute. From early rising to bed-time there was a time for every thing—praying, reading, writing, eating, walking, conversing, preaching, etc., etc. Rigidly he adhered to this system, and set the example to his associates in the upper room of Lincoln College, and to his preachers in England and America. He knew the power of a plan for all work, and the reflex effects on the man who was wise and firm enough to keep it. Perhaps it may not be well to cramp one's self too much, and thus to hinder spontaneity, but it is a good thing to work by system, to economize time, to prevent the formation of indolent habits, and to enrich every day by activity and variety in service. Therefore, to members of Oxford League we say: Have your work in every department outlined in advance. Live by system. Rise and retire at regular hours. Have a fixed time for prayer. Of course, by thought and desire you may in a sense pray always, but have a time for going by yourself to kneel down, and in words express your wants and longings. Be regular in work. What you must do, do at the right time, promptly, faithfully. Don't follow inclination in this matter. Do what is to be done because it is the duty of the moment, and avoid yielding to impulse, taking up or dropping a task according to your mood. Fight moods. Do your duty at the time of duty, and put moods into a dark closet. The weakest people in the world are people who go by their feelings. Live by principle. In this way you can save time and make it rich in results, and soon find joy in service.

ONE of the duties of a Christian is to improve his intellect—to know, and to know how to know. Ignorance hinders piety. All the knowledge of the world cannot save a soul, but a saved soul can be vastly more interesting and useful if he can command and use large portions of knowledge. The Oxford Brotherhood was a body of cultivated fellows who believed in study. They gave portions of their evening meetings to readings in the ancient classics, but as most of their time was spent during the day in regular university work, in literature, mathematics, and physical science, they, of course, consecrated the most of their hours of meeting to distinctively biblical and religious work. But they were men of education.

Our young Methodist Episcopal people must be students. Some of them are such and attend school regularly. Those who are out of school should study—every day a little, and improve both intellect and heart while they are in the world. The habit of reading useful literature every day cannot be overestimated. It gives a tone to character, it increases personal influence, it brightens life, it enhances one's power in religious work, it affords such genuine pleasure. Be reading, studious Christians!

THE "Spare-Minute Course" of reading is a pleasant system, designed to encourage and aid young people (and old people as well) in forming the habit of useful reading. There are four courses of this scheme now ready. The "booklets" or tracts of Number One Course are on our table. There are twenty-five of the "Home College Series," costing four cents each, which make up the first course. These cost, all taken together, *one dollar*. (Address Phillips & Hunt, 805 Broadway, and Cranston & Stowe, Cincinnati, O., asking for Spare-Minute Course, No. 1, and inclosing $1.)

What reading matter do we get for this dollar? Here are six orange-covered tracts, 16 pages each, giving in bold, clear type an account respectively of "The Ocean," "The Rain," "Our Earth," "The Sun," "The Moon," "The Stars." Here are four chocolate-covered tracts giving an account of "Egypt," "The Euphrates Valley," "Ten Days in Switzerland," by Dr. Ridgaway; "Two Weeks in the Yosemite Valley," by Dr. Buckley. Here are two blue-covered tracts, the one with 23 pages, the other 16 pages, on "Art in Egypt," and "Art in the Far East." Here are tracts on "Readings from William Wordsworth," and "Reading and Readers." Then come six pink-covered volumes on "William Shakespeare," "John Milton," "Washington Irving," "Daniel Webster," "Daniel, the Uncompromising Young Man," and "Rufus Choate." Five additional tracts complete the first series: "Keep Good Company," by Samuel Smiles; "The Study of Words," and an admirable little 16-paged lesson book on "The Art of Penmanship," "A Set of Tools," and "Memory Practice." Accompanying this Course is a blank application for certificate, so that when the course of reading is finished, the holder may forward his application and receive a certificate in recognition of his work.

IN Taberg, N. Y., there has been an extensive revival of religion, and the young converts have organized an Oxford League. On the first enrollment seventy members joined. The pastor is the Rev. D. W. Aylesworth.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

SLANG.

A GREAT deal has been written about slang. Literary editors have grown indignant over it, humorous editors have made fun of it, almost all newspapers contain it, and the majority of people use it.

Under such circumstances a crusade against slang does not give promise of remarkable success, but OUR YOUTH would be sadly remiss were we not to enter a protest against a habit which is endangering our language.

In the first place, what is slang, and how are we to account for its existence?

Slang may be divided into two classes:

1. Expressions borrowed from many sources, often entirely separated from their original meaning. To this class belong such vulgarisms as "You bet," "Go West," "Hire a hall," etc. These phrases are in such unquestionably bad taste that we need do no more than mention them. No person who has any aspiration to be a gentleman or lady can use these expressions.

2. The use of a word in a distorted sense, its original meaning being slightly preserved, is one of the most common as well as most dangerous features of slang. This habit is a veritable word destroyer.

To illustrate: *previous* means "happening before something else," "prior to another event," but the slang makers have taken this word in hand, and now a *man* may be "too previous." This is not English, yet the faint trace of its real meaning and the novelty of its application make the word a favorite with slang lovers. The newspapers have taken up this new use of the word, and it seems to be on the way to lose its dignified and proper place in our speech. When a word has been distorted in this way, exact and careful people, wrongly, no doubt, are apt to drop it from their vocabulary to "avoid the appearance of evil," and so abandoned to its fate the poor word is often lost to good usage. In the same way a tardy man is *subsequent*, and a man who has been guilty of a small act feels *inexpensive*. We need not multiply examples. We dislike to give these false meanings even in illustration.

The origin of slang we find in the appetite of the American people for wit and humor, and in the too general ambition to be deemed "bright" and "smart," at a sacrifice often of good taste and sometimes even of integrity.

It is shoddy to use slang, just as it is shoddy to wear paste diamonds and gilt jewelry. Both have a false glitter, and deceive none but the most ignorant and inexperienced. The one costs as little in originality and thought as the other in dollars and cents. There is this difference, however. The people who are compelled by poverty to gratify their fondness for display with false jewelry would be glad to have the real article if they could, but those who delight to wear tawdry ornaments of speech prize their bawbles more than the real gold of pure language. If people could only realize how false is the conversational brilliancy which is derived from slang, many, we are sure, would abandon the use from very shame.

Even granting for a moment that slang is "bright," does not the mere repetition of other people's phrases and expressions argue a great lack of originality? The creating man has always been higher in the social scale than the imitating ape.

Probably before this some reader has exclaimed, as almost all people do in connection with this subject, "Well, I suppose slang is bad, but it's *so* expressive." This reminds us of the story of the savage who was presented with a gun. Some time afterward a traveler found the native in the woods clubbing a bear with the stock of the gun.

"What are you doing this for? Why don't you shoot him?"

"It's hard to aim a bullet, but I can strike a beautiful blow with the gun."

So with people who find slang "so expressive." Unable to strike the mark with subtle and skillful language, they find some clumsy and improper means of expression exactly suited to their need.

To conclude then our little essay, we have found slang often positively vulgar, always a source of danger to the purity of our mother tongue, a falsely prized element in conversation, a sign of weak individuality, and an acknowledgment of ignorance and inefficiency in the use of language. We urge all our readers who have ambition to be refined, cultured, sincere, original, and masters of English to renounce slang. It will be a hard struggle for some, perhaps, but we are sure that the victory will be worth the effort.

We are glad to announce that in our next issue Mr. W. H. Rideing of Boston, the well-known magazine contributor, will begin a series of popular papers on English Literature for young people.

We have tried in *The School at Home* to give practical hints about our speech, and we trust that our readers will be interested in the writers who have done so much to mold the English language into its present perfection.

Read these articles carefully, and where you find opportunity consult the works of the authors whom Mr. Rideing will so pleasantly introduce to you. One should early meet "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled," the courtly Sidney, the gentle Spenser, and "sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child."

On page 271 of this number of Our Youth you will find the announcement of *The School of Journalism*. Read the plan carefully, and co-operate with the editors of Our Youth in making the first number of *The Journalist* a brilliant one. Send in your contributions as early as is consistent with good, honest, careful work. We think that this *Journalist* will afford our readers amusement and profit. Here is an opportunity for young and aspiring literary people to get their contributions into print. The practice which this plan affords will be valuable, and the novel form in which the contributions are to appear will, we are sure, prove attractive.

Familiar Quotations.

"She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."—*Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.*

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."—*Shakespeare's Twelfth Night.*

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Swedes and Snow-shoes.

We have been so taken up with our Montreal, St. Paul, and Burlington carnivals that perhaps we have forgotten that the Norwegians for many years have held a snow-shoeing *fête* at their capital, Christiania. This season the contests were unusually interesting.

There are three kinds of contests, the race across country, the jumping, and the zigzag coasting. A committee is appointed to decide upon the merits of the contestants. Not only is the accomplishing of the feat taken into account, but the ease and grace with which it is performed have great influence upon the decision.

The cross-country race on snow-shoes was won in 57 min. and 2 sec., distance, 7 miles.

The jumping is the most remarkable feature of these winter sports. Jumping places are made on a side hill; the snow-shoers run along the top, jump 50 or 60 feet downward, and go on without stopping.

The "zigzag coasting" shows the skill of the snow-shoer. He is compelled to coast down a hill in a serpentine course, thus displaying his power to guide the snow-shoes from one side to another. A correspondent of the "London Field" describes these two contests:

"The jumping has been described in detail in former accounts of this annual meeting. It is truly a wonderful sight for a stranger, especially if he be fortunate enough to get a place near to the jumpers. The sight of a human body passing through the air for a distance of fifty or sixty feet, and, in no way discomposed by the transit, continuing its journey over the snow at little diminished speed, is worth going a long way to see. The longest jump on this occasion was just under fifty feet, the snow not being slippery enough to make a really good performance possible. The falls, especially at first, were more numerous than usual, and this again was due to the tendency the snow-shoes had to stick slightly as the jumper landed. The only notable features were those which are apparent at most of these meetings, the ease and grace of carriage shown by the Telemarkinger and the greater boldness of the Christiania jumpers. The display of skill in turning, as evinced in the S-like descent of the hill, was a pretty sight. This requires by no means so much pluck as the jumping, but, owing to the immense speed which the steep gradient of the hill gives, it is an excellent test both of presence of mind and dexterity.

"Snow-shoeing is not only one of the sports of the world, but one of the most robust and manly sports. It is scarcely less fascinating than cricket, even more democratic than football; and, owing to the purity of the atmosphere in which it is carried on, as health-giving and exhilarating as all our sports put together."

A Charade.

MISS A party arrive at a railroad station just in time to "miss" the train.

ANN A prominent member of the party is a young lady by the name of Ann.

THROW To while away the time the people sit down to lunch and pelt each other with bread-crusts, etc.

PICKLE Miss Ann possesses herself of a pickle.

MIS(S)AN(N)THRO(W)PIC(KLE)AL—Miss Ann throws the pickle at one of the party.

More Magic Numbers.

A correspondent sends us the following ingenious rule for giving a presumably unknown number in a mysterious way. Study it carefully and try experiments upon your friends:

Ask a person to take any number containing two or more digits, but not a number formed by the repetition of one digit. Make a second number by reversing the first one. Subtract the lesser from the greater. Cancel any digit (except a cipher) in the remainder. Add the *remaining* digits in this remainder and give you their sum.

If the given sum is a multiple of 9, the digit canceled was 9. If not, subtract the sum given from the next higher number that is a multiple of 9, and the remainder will be the digit canceled.

This process will give the same result with any number, large or small, because "the sum of the digits, in the difference of any two numbers, formed as above, is always a multiple of 9."

Example.—Take 8341 and reverse it, making 1438.

8341—1438=6903. Cancel 9 and add remaining digits 6+3=9. Therefore digit canceled was 9. Or, cancel 3, and 6+9=15. Next number higher than 15 that is a multiple of 9 is 18; 18—15=3. Therefore digit canceled is 3.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

The day-school should be the world in miniature.

The school at its longest is only the second chapter in the book of life. Home is chapter first.

Of Jesus Christ, Ralph Waldo Emerson says: "Alone in all history he estimated the greatness of man."

If thou cast away one cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and that perhaps more heavy.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

The "Chaplain"— our chaplain—Dr. C. C. McCabe, is bound to have the "million for missions." Let us give toward it and cheer him on.

For a small income a long journey is undertaken; for everlasting life many will scarce once lift a foot from the ground.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

Fire trieth iron, and temptation a just man.

We know not oftentimes what we are able to do, but temptation shows us what we are—*Thomas à Kempis.*

They seem also to live in good peace of mind, when things are done according to their will and opinion; but if things happen otherwise than they desire, they are straightway moved and much vexed.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

What a charming book is this "Cooking Garden," by Emily Huntington! It is a book of pictures of the "cutest" lessons, of questions and answers, of recipes, of songs, telling people how to cook, and how to do it well. It is an expensive book, but then it is worth $5, its cost, in the charm which it gives to the kitchen and to dining-room life. Persons desiring a circular setting forth the work of the "Kitchen Garden" and the book which Miss Huntington has written, should address a line to Miss Emily Huntington, St. Mark's Place, New York city.

A lady whose boy takes to Scripture reading and study with much avidity, and who is wonderfully precocious in this branch of study, writes to know whether it is wise to encourage so much Scripture study in one so young. The reply of the editor to this query is as follows: You are not teaching your boy too much Scripture, but you should also teach him a great deal of nature. Train him to watch the outside world—the phenomena of sky, earth, and water. Let him learn to grow things, examining carefully with his own eyes the seeds which he plants; preparing the soil and putting into it the seed with his own fingers; watching the first sprouting; keeping the ground clear of weeds; providing water when there is not sufficient rain, and thus cultivating in him a love for the processes of life in nature. Give him plenty of blocks—blocks by the hundred. Let him construct things. Let him with crayon draw on paper the forms which he builds with his blocks or which he grows from the seed and soil. Above all, educate him in the common moralities—truth, fair-dealing, self-control. Especially train him in habitual self-denial, not for the sake of attaining religious merit, but for the sake of doing good to others. The more Scripture the better when the boy is trained to a common-sense mode of living.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Austria-Hungary.

(Area, Austria, 115,903; Hungary, 125,039—total, 240,942. Population, Austria, 22,144,244; Hungary, 15,642,102—total, 37,786,346. Ruler, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, Francis Joseph I.)

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, one of the Great Powers of Europe, occupies the hilly region between Germany and the Balkan states. Its principal mountain systems are the Alps on the west, the border ranges of Bohemia on the north, and the Carpathians on the north-west. The Danube with its tributary streams, and 12,820 miles of railroads, furnish means of transportation. About sixty per cent. of the people live by agriculture. Nearly all the metals are found in the mountains, and coal, iron, and salt are largely exported. Other articles of export are grain, textiles, sugar, wines, hides, and manufactures of leather, wood, and iron. Most of the commerce is by land with Germany, Italy, and the Danubian states. Trieste is the main port, and is the fourth city in size. Vienna, the imperial capital, is a city of more than a million inhabitants. Buda-Pesth, the Hungarian capital, is second in population, and Prague, in Bohemia, is third.

The people are of many races. There are 10,000,000 Germans, 7,000,000 Bohemians (Czechs), 3,000,000 Poles, 3,000,000 Ruthenians, 2,500,000 Roumanians, 6,000,000 Magyars, and 3,000,000 Servians. All religious sects are tolerated. The Roman Catholics number 25,500,000, Greeks 7,000,000, Protestants 3,000,000, Jews 1,600,000. The law which prescribes compulsory education is enforced only in the German districts. Elsewhere the illiterate class is large. By the treaty of Berlin (1878) Austria-Hungary was intrusted with the administration of the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, though they were not formally annexed.*

About 800 A. D. Austria was colonized with Germans as an outpost of Charlemagne's empire against the fierce tribes of Hungary. In 955 it became a part of the German or Holy Roman Empire, and as a duchy was added to the possessions of the Hapsburg family (1282). A member of this house was elected to the imperial throne of Germany (1438). This gave an impetus to the home estates and the emperor-dukes increased their Austrian dominions by marriage alliances as well as by the force of arms, while they neglected the interests of the empire. Vienna was recognized as the center of German culture, and the house of Hapsburg was the most powerful dynasty in Europe. Charles V. (elected emperor 1519) was sovereign of Germany, Spain, the Netherlands, and a large part of Italy, as well as the newly discovered America. The Thirty Years' War (1618-1648) left the Hapsburgs much weakened, while a new state, Prussia, began to push to the front in northern Germany. The struggle between these two countries was long and bitter, but Prussia had steadily gained, when all Germany was humiliated during the Napoleonic wars (1792–1815). In 1815 the rivalry sprang up afresh. The fiction of the "Holy Roman Empire" had disappeared (1806), and the Austrian monarch had taken the title of Emperor of Austria. Prince Metternich directed the policy of the empire and crushed out every aspiration of the people for a free government. In the "year of revolutions" (1848) the monarch and his minister were driven from the country, but the army soon restored the rule of the oppressors. At the same time Hungary revolted (1848-49), led by Kossuth, and demanded a separate government. But with the help of despotic Russia the Magyars were again enslaved. Italy, which since 1815 had been under Austrian influence, succeeded in freeing herself (1859). The next year the emperor, Francis Joseph, reversed his policy and granted a constitution to his people. In 1867 Hungary also received a constitution, and the emperor was crowned king of Hungary. In 1866 the claims of Prussia to the leadership of Germany were settled by the total overthrow of the Austrian armies at Sadowa. From that time Austria-Hungary has stood alone with no voice in the affairs of Germany.

*Area, 14,248 square miles; population, 1,180,798 which, with the numbers above, produce the totals given in OUR YOUTH, No. 1.

IN Steiermark—old Steiermark,
The mountain summits are white and stark;
The rough winds furrow their trackless snow,
But the mirrors of crystal are smooth below;
The stormy Danube clasps the wave
That downward sweeps to the Drave and Save,
And the Euxine is whitened with many a bark
Freighted with ores of Steiermark!

In Steiermark—rough Steiermark,
The anvils ring from dawn till dark;
The molten streams of the furnace glare,
Blurring with crimson the midnight air;
The lusty voices of forgemen chord,
Chanting the ballad of Siegfried's sword,
While the hammers swung by their arms so stark
Strike to the music of Steiermark!

—*Bayard Taylor.*

Mr. Gladstone's Difficulty.

THERE is trouble in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, and it is reported that two of its members have resigned. From the contradictory statements of the newspapers, it is difficult to form a correct opinion of the situation. The following view may, however, be received as embodying the facts of the case as they at present appear.

Mr. Gladstone laid his Irish measures before the cabinet March 13, and the meager dispatches state that the main feature of the settlement is the "expropriation of the Irish lands." In other words, the premier intends to remove the cause of the Irish disorders, the rent, by purchasing the lands with funds from the British treasury, and selling them to the present tenants upon easy terms. This plan of expropriation would require an expenditure of £150,000,000, and is not likely to be popular among the English tax-payers. Whether this is the actual policy of Mr. Gladstone, and whether the plan in its details includes the establishment of a separate Irish Parliament, is uncertain, but it is confidently asserted that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Trevelyan are so strongly opposed to the plans of the premier that they have notified him of their intention to resign from the cabinet rather than share the responsibility of such legislation.

Mr. Chamberlain is the most prominent figure in the Liberal party with the single exception of Mr. Gladstone, and is generally regarded as its future leader. His defection at this juncture, therefore, may prove a serious blow to the cause of Irish Home Rule. The less advanced Liberals, like Lord Hartington, refused to follow the premier when he took office in February, and if Mr. Chamberlain and his personal following join the opposition it will be hard for Mr. Gladstone to command a majority of the House of Commons, even if the support of the Parnellites is assured.

The Knights of Labor.

THE most powerful order of knighthood that flourished in the times of the Crusades was weak and insignificant in comparison with the Knights of Labor. The story of this organization, as told in one of the daily newspapers, is worthy of repetition.

The order had its origin in the brain of a clothing cutter named Stevens, who organized Local Assembly No. 1, in Philadelphia, in 1869. It was his aim to combine into a single body the working-men of America, that they might be better able to secure a just consideration of their rights from the capitalists. The idea spread rapidly through the manufacturing cities of Pennsylvania, and in 1878 the General Assembly of North America was formed, with Stevens at its head as master workman. Stevens was a firm believer in secrecy, and for some years the proceedings of the society were shrouded in mystery. The name of the order was not made public until 1881, the members calling it The Five Stars (*****). But most of these mysterious features have now been removed. The founder died in 1882.

Membership in the order is open to farmers and all wage-workers over eighteen years of age, except lawyers, bankers, professional gamblers, stock-brokers, and persons deriving income from the sale of intoxicating drinks. Women are admitted on an equality with men. The local assemblies form district assemblies, and these unite to make up the General Assembly, which enacts laws and elects the executive committee of five at an annual meeting in October. General Master Workman Powderly, the present chairman of this committee and chief of the order, receives a salary of $1,500; the secretary-treasurer is paid $1,200, and the other officials are paid mechanics' wages—three dollars a day—for the actual time expended in the service of the society. The funds are produced by a tax of two cents a month, which is levied upon every knight. The expenses of the local assemblies are met by initiation fees and monthly dues, the former ranging from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars, and the latter from ten to twenty-five cents per month.

With the motto, "An injury to one is an injury to all," the Knights of Labor have put forth a lengthy declaration of principles in which they demand among other things:

The establishment of bureaus of labor statistics; reservation of public lands for actual settlers; the abrogation of all laws not bearing equally on capital and labor; provisions for the health and safety of working-men; laws to compel corporations to pay wages weekly in lawful money, and to give mechanics and laborers a first lien on the products of their labor to the extent of their wages; the abolition of the contract plan in national, State, and city works; legal provision for arbitration between employers and employees, and for enforcing the decisions reached by arbitration; the non-employment of children under 14 in workshops, mines, and factories; the prohibition of the hiring out of convict labor; the laying of a graduated income tax. They oppose national banks, and favor government control of all telegraphs, telephones, and railroads. They pledge their united efforts to the establishment of co-operative stores and factories; to secure for both sexes equal pay for equal work; to shorten the working day to eight hours; and to persuade employers to arbitrate differences between them and their employees in order that strikes may be rendered unnecessary. When arbitration fails they make use of the boycott and the strike to coerce employers.

At the beginning of the new year the Knights of Labor numbered about 500,000, and the success of recent labor movements has had the effect of largely increasing this membership. The marvelous growth of this order and the strength which always accompanies large and well organized combinations make this national labor union an important factor in the present social condition of America.

The Loss of the Oregon.

THE iron steam-ship *Oregon*, of the Cunard Line, from Liverpool collided with an unknown schooner at half past four o'clock in the morning of Sunday, March 14, and sank eight hours later, about fifteen miles off Fire Island, near the entrance of New York Bay. The *Oregon*

carried 896 passengers, a full cargo, and 600 sacks of mail matter. She was struck on the port side near the foremast, and two large rents were made in her iron sheathing, through which the water poured in such volume that it could not be checked. Order was maintained among the frightened passengers, and signals of distress called a small pilot boat to the assistance of the great steamer. The pilot boat took on board 300 persons, and a schooner which hove in sight was loaded down with the remainder. Another steamer, the *Fulda*, bound in, relieved the two smaller vessels of their burden and took the whole company to New York. After the passengers had been rescued an effort was made to save the mails, but only 69 sacks had been removed when the vessel lurched forward and sank bow foremost in 132 feet of water.

Nothing has been seen or heard of the colliding schooner, and even her name is unknown. It is supposed that the force of the shock was sufficient to send her to the bottom at once. The blame for the accident cannot be accurately placed. The officers of the *Oregon* claim that the schooner showed no lights until she was so close that a collision was inevitable. Indeed, the theory is advanced that there was no schooner, but that a sunken wreck, or even dynamite, caused the fatal breach.

The *Oregon* was built at Glasgow in 1883, and was one of the largest, finest, and swiftest steam-ships in the world. Her cost was $1,250,000, and the value of the cargo and the private baggage of the passengers bring the total loss to $3,000,000. The depth of the water in which she lies and the roughness of the sea outside the harbor will prevent any attempt to raise her, and but little of the cargo can be saved.

Pronunciation.

Aus'trĭ-a.
Bāl-kān'.
Ber-lin'.
Bō-hē'mi-a.
Bos'nĭ-a (Boz'-).
Bu'da-Pĕsth (-Pest).
Car-pā'thi-an (-thē-).
Char'le-magne' (Shar'-le-mān').
Cru-sādes'.
Cū-nard'.
Czĕch (Tchĕk).
Dan'ūbe.
Eūx'ine.
Haps'burg.
Herz'e-go-vi'na.
Hun'ga-ry (Hung'ga-ry).
Kos'suth (Kosh'oot).
Mag'yar (Mŏd'jor).
Met'ter-nich (-nik).
Na-pō'lē-ŏn'ic.
Neth'er-lands.
Prāgue (Prāg).
Prūs'sia.
Rou-mā'ni-an.
Rus'sia.
Ru-thē'ni-an.
Ser'vi-an.
Siēg'frīēd (Seeg'freet).
Stei'er-mark.
Tri-este' (Tre-est').
Vĭ-ĕn'na.

A Brief Survey.

An express messenger on the Rock Island Raiload (Ill.) was attacked by robbers, March 13, and killed while defending the contents of the safe. The robbers escaped with $25,000.——Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, one of the most famous physicians in this country, died March 13.——Congressman Hahn, of Louisiana, died at Washington, March 16.——G. Q. Cannon, the Mormon leader who was arrested a few weeks ago, did not appear for trial March 17, thereby forfeiting his bail of $25,000.——The strike in the coal regions is extending, while that on the south-western railroads seems to be nearing its end, both sides having agreed to arbitration.——The funeral of the late Senator J. F. Miller, of California, was held in the Capitol at Washington, March 13.——Governor Murray, of Utah, has resigned at the request of the President.——One of the New York aldermen suspected of bribery in connection with the charter of the Broadway street railway was arrested March 18, and confessed to receiving $20,000 for his vote in favor of the charter.——Major-Gen. Pope, of the U. S. Army, has been placed upon the retired list, and Gen. O. O. Howard, one of the heroes of Gettysburg, has been nominated to fill the vacant major-generalcy.

The betrothal of Oscar Bernadotte, son of the king of Sweden, and Louise, daughter of the Prince of Wales, is announced.——St. Patrick's day was observed in all parts of the United Kingdom with more than ordinary festivities. Every-where the feeling was expressed that Ireland was about to enter upon an era of self-government.——Some feeling has been aroused in Germany by the news that one of the school-books authorized by the French department of education contains this rule of conduct: "That every French youth shall consider it his sacred duty to see that Alsace-Lorraine, taken by Germany in 1871, shall be restored to France."——The Canadian government has been sustained, by a vote of Parliament, for its action in carrying out the death sentence against Louis Riel.——Bismarck's bill to secure a monopoly of the brandy business for the imperial government has been defeated in the German Parliament.——The French Assembly has before it a proposition to endow a Pasteur Institute for the purpose of developing and applying the discoveries of the famous physiologist.

OUR YOUTH SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM.

In pursuance of a notice in a late issue of Our Youth, we shall describe the plan of our *School of Journalism.*

Its aim is to give practice in writing a pure journalistic style—a style that shall be direct, clear, sprightly, and free from "slang" or flashy expressions. In order to make this work attractive we have decided upon the following plan, which we think is entirely new in our department of journalism.

We propose to print a "paper in a paper." We shall devote one page in certain issues of Our Youth to a miniature paper, with a heading of its own, narrow columns, and small type. The name of this paper will be **The Journalist,** and it will look like a regular newspaper from the land of the Lilliputians.

Who are to be the contributors to **The Journalist?** We hope that we are not presuming too much when we reply: "The readers of Our Youth."

The editors of Our Youth must, of course, "make up" **The Journalist,** but all the contributions, as we have said, are to come from our readers. The names of those who succeed in having their contributions printed will, unless otherwise desired, be given at the head of **The Journalist** as the editors of that new publication.

There must be certain departments in **The Journalist,** Vol. 1, No. 1, and these we give below, indicating the number of words in each, and also naming a prize which will be given to the one sending us the best contribution in each department:

Editorial—A prospectus of **The Journalist** giving its aim, etc., 200 *words.* Prize, story, "The School in the Light-house." 12mo book.

Poem—On any subject. An anecdote or incident preferable, 12 short lines. Prize, story, "Yard-stick and Scissors." 12mo book.

Story—A bright little story on any subject, 350 *words.* Prize, story, "Play." 12mo book.

Article — On strikes and the Knights of Labor, 200 *words.* Prize, subscription to Our Youth.

News Items—Five or six paragraphs of 50 *words* each on timely topics. Prize, subscription.

Humorous Items—New and original humorous paragraphs, 150 *words.* Prize, subscription.

Literary Notes—Review of Our Youth, 100 *words.* Prize, subscription.

A Correspondent's Letter—A newspaper correspondent's letter to **The Journalist** from any country, giving a description of people and places, 200 *words.* Prize, subscription.

Who are to be the first editors of **The Journalist?** Begin at once, and send your contributions to Our Youth, Plainfield, N. J., marked on the outside "The Journalist."

Write simply and in a straightforward way. Try two or three different departments. If you fail as a poet you may succeed as a story-writer, so be sure to have plenty of irons in the fire.

Remember that the prospective editors of **The Journalist** are expected to write on only one side of the paper, and that the word-limit must not be transgressed.

Let the contributions be sent as soon as possible. If the amount of matter warrants it, **The Journalist** will appear Saturday, April 10, 1886.

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3. Readings in Biography.—Home College Series Tracts: No. 1. Thomas Carlyle; 2. William Wordsworth; 17. Joseph Addison; 74. Hugh Miller; 100. Macaulay; 4. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; 12. Christ as a Teacher.

4. Readings in General Subjects.—Home College Series Tracts: No. 9. Political Economy; 39. Diamonds and Other Precious Stones; 63 and 68. Readings from Milton; 66. The Temperance Movement *vs.* the Liquor Movement.

Chautauqua Spare-Minute Course, No. 4.

1. Readings in Science and Art.—Home College Series Tracts: No. 24. Geometry; 43. Aerolites; 41. Gold and Silver; 58. Art in Germany; 61. Art in America.

2. Readings in Biography.—Home College Series Tracts: No. 13. George Herbert; 18. Edmund Spenser; 21. William H. Prescott; 64. Thomas Chalmers; 70. The Cary Sisters; 85. John Wycliffe; 86. Martin Luther; 87. Charles Lamb; 89. The Regicides; 90. Amos Lawrence; 91. John Knox; 92. Margaret Fuller; 94. Charlotte Brontë; 95. Ulrich Zwingle; 96. Philip Melancthon; 97. John Ruskin.

3. Readings in History and Literature.—Home College Series Tracts: No. 46. The United States; 67. Germany; 52. Readings from Cowper; 55. Readings from Oliver Goldsmith.

PHILLIPS & HUNT,

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Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Johnnie's teacher asked him to tell her what "he drinks" would be in the future tense.
"He is drunk!" said the boy.

—Little Don, eight years old, has just become an uncle. One morning, soon after, he did not rise at the usual time. His father going into his room said:
"What, not up yet, and you an uncle?"
"Well," replied Don, "don't an old man want to lie in bed longer?"

—Small boy—"I say, Jimmy, ma's jest got a new churn, one dem boss two-minute churns what brings de butter in no time."
Jimmy—"Is it painted blue?"
Small boy—"Yep."
Jimmy—"Stands up high like, wid four legs?"
Small boy—"Yep."
Jimmy—"Cog-wheels on de outside, an' a crank?"
Small boy—"That's it."
Jimmy—"Did the feller what sold it to yer ma have warts on his neck?"
Small boy—"Yep."
Jimmy (earnestly)—"Scotty, I feels sorry fer you. Ma got one jes' like it las' week. D'ye know why I wasn't skatin' all day Saturday?"
Small boy—"No."
Jimmy—"I was a-churnin'."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Five-year-old May, after being corrected by her papa, was asked to promise that she wouldn't do so again, and promptly replied: "Why, papa, I can't promise that; I'm no prophet."

—Little boy—"Pa, why does the world move?"
Pa (thinking of something else)—"Because it finds it cheaper than to pay rent."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A prisoner in jail cut off his finger and sent it to his lady-love as a token. He probably supposed she would give him her hand in return.

—A naturalist in the West has concluded either that owls are without memory or that they do not mind going about with owl-traps fastened to their legs. He set a trap to catch an owl, and it mysteriously disappeared. He set a heavier trap, and caught in it an owl which had the first trap attached to one of its legs. The phrase "stupid as an owl" seems a fitting reflection upon a bird which would set about making a collection of owl-traps in such a manner as this.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—Things one would rather have left unsaid:
Tomlinson—"Good-bye, Miss Eleanora—"
Miss Eleanora—"But you've already said good-bye me, Mr. Tomlinson."
Tomlinson (who is always ready with some pretty eech)—"Have I, really? Well, one can't do a easant thing too often, you know!"—*Punch.*

—In the art gallery. Eminent scholar—"This ust of Julius Cæsar quite brings back to us the great tatesman and general."
Young lieutenant—"What an eminent statesman, amous general, and powerful emperor! Doesn't it eem strange that so great a man should have written book for the *lowest* classes in the grammar schools?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—The reverend gentleman who occupies a position on our school board was a few days ago speaking before the pupils of one of our primary schools. In referring to ancient history he was endeavoring to impress upon the youthful mind the prime importance of the religion which the Pilgrims enjoyed. He asked this question:
"What did the Pilgrims have that was more precious than home and friends when they landed?"
A little bright-eyed boy promptly answered: "Popcorn."—*South Abington (Mass.) Reporter.*

—Outside the 99-cent store. Old man (who has just purchased a diamond ring for his wife and is examining it)—"Do you know I'm afraid—I shouldn't be surprised if that diamond were false.'—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—Rusticus (viewing the finger-bowl at fashionable city hotel)—"Waiter, what's this for?"
Waiter—"Should monsieur desire to cleanse his fingers, why—"
Rusticus—"O yes, I see. Where's the soap?"—*Tid Bits.*

—A philanthropist asked the daughter of a rich manufacturer, who employs hundreds of men, if she ever did any thing for her father's hands.
"No," was the reply; "but I rub mine with glycerine and oatmeal every night."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Rev H C Milliman
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